

In Which Eleven Throws Up on Dustin by the-singular-peep

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Summary: Normally, Eleven was up at 7 am without a doubt every single morning, ready to annoy her father figure. But today? Today Eleven was nothing but a lump under the blankets, her lights off and soft, baby-like snores filling the room. Hopper should have known something was wrong. [IN WHICH EVERYTHING IS OKAY SERIES. COMPLETE. PT 11/?. PART 10: "IN WHICH MIKE EXPLAINS SEX."]

In Which Eleven Throws Up on Dustin

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March 5, 1985. Tuesday.

"In March? Yeah, I know. Yeah, I do know how cold it's been. So school's out for the boys?" Hopper waited for the response, and nodded to no one in particular at the answer. "Of course they'd want to see her. Uh-huh. Yep. Yeah, sure, I'll drop her by on the way to the station. Yep. Even though it's just a Monday. Thanks, Karen. Uh-huh. Alright, bye-bye."

The chief hung up the phone and sighed before pulling the curtain and looking outside. Karen was right. It was snowing already outside, and he could see nearly an inch on the ground. It didn't look like much, but the weatherman had said to expect nearly five inches by that night, and there was a 35% chance of sleet. Not that Hopper believed that. But, school officials had called the day off, so Hopper wouldn't argue. Not if it meant his little girl could stay with some friends instead of cooped up in this house alone.

"Eleven!" He called through the house, pulling a flannel over the t-shirt he had slept in. He really should see about getting central heating instead of just space heaters in this place. "El, kiddo, you wanna go see your friends?" He rapped lightly on her door and closed his eyes, trying to blink away the remnants of sleep from them before he opened the door.

Normally, he wouldn't even have to open her door in the mornings. She was a moderately early riser, but didn't quite know what to do with her time if she awoke before her father figure. And so at seven AM, every morning, she would hop onto his bed and stare at him until he woke up. It usually didn't take him very long.

But today? Today Eleven was nothing but a lump under the blankets, her lights off and soft, baby-like snores filling the room. Hopper suppressed a chuckle and walked into the room.

"Time to get up, kid," He said plainly, turning on the light and

moving to sit beside her on the bed. He placed a hand on her back. "Its morning, El."

"Mmmm," Eleven groaned, and the little bundle of blankets curled up tighter. Hopper smiled.

"Nope, time to get up." He said as he grabbed the top of the blankets and pulled them briskly off of the child. Eleven was curled up tightly around her teddy, dressed in that cheap little Garfield nightgown Hopper had bought her so many months ago, and as soon as the blankets were pulled off she pulled them back up without moving a muscle.

"Nooo," She whined.

In the back of his mind, Hopper was concerned. But then again, Eleven was getting older. It was probably just early onset teenage laziness. He remembered when he was young, just getting to those teen years, and sleeping till noon or sometimes one in the afternoon. And so he brushed it off and reached out again, this time slipping a hand under her back and pulling her into a sitting position.

"Come on, Eleven. You gotta get up, kid. Get movin'."

She didn't resist him, but she did lean into his chest when she sat up, going from lying in one direction to resting heavily on him to the other and completely bypassing the sitting up straight option. Hopper pushed at her.

"Up."

It had taken nearly twenty minutes to get Eleven up and moving, but by eight thirty four the pair was up, dressed, and in the car. Karen had opted to stay home with the kids that day due to the fact that she was the only mom who didn't work that knew of Eleven and that Mike asked to have them over the second he woke up. And so, once Hopper got Eleven and himself ready, they were in the car on the way to the Wheeler's on Hopper's way to work.

"Be good," Eleven heard Hopper call as she walked into the Wheeler's home, and she offered him a small smile before Karen shut the door.

Of course she'd be good - but... Something wasn't right. She felt funny, a little like how she felt after she used her powers. But she hadn't used her powers, and yet her head was throbbing, and her eyes were burning, and she couldn't seem to shake the feeling of something not being quite right. But it would be alright, because she was with her friends now, or would be soon.

She gave a fleeting glance at the light snow falling outside, and she smiled.

It was completely unexpected.

had taken Holly out to go shopping after lunch, and had left Nancy in charge. Said girl had gone upstairs to work on math homework, leaving the boys and Eleven downstairs playing a rather intense game of Uno.

"Dude, you knew I didn't have red!" Lucas cried, glaring fiercely at Dustin. Dustin stuck his tongue out, and laughed as Lucas drew another card. "Hah! Reverse! Now you have to draw, Dusty~" Lucas said in a singsong voice. It was Dustin's turn to glare then, and he drew with a rapid jerking motion. "A red 7. Okay, who's got the best hand..." He glanced around, going off of the 'Intense Uno' variation the boys had come up with where each 7 the dealer had to switch cards with another player.

"Don't look at me, look at Will!" Mike cried, pointing across the table and protecting the hand of three he was holding. Will held his cards up in defense.

"I mean, you can if you want, but... I have twenty two cards, Dustin. I'm in double digits."

Dustin turned his attention to his last option - Eleven. The girl was sitting right across from him at the table, perched on the edge of the chair with her knees pulled up to her chin.

"Alright, El. Looks like it's you. Hand 'er over," The curly haired boy held his hand out, making a grabbing motion. Eleven turned her attention briskly to him, her eyes clouded and her mouth gaping. Something was up.

"El?" Mike tried, cocking his head a little. El pulled her knees down from the chair and looked at her deck.

She didn't feel well. She thought fleetingly that she might be *sick*, because her throat felt scratchy and her eyes felt itchy and her tummy felt funny like it did back in the winter of last year when she got a - what did Hopper call it - a *cold*. Or maybe the *flu*, whatever the difference was.

That was a fitting name. She did feel cold. So cold, in fact, that she didn't want to pull her knees from her chest because they were the only thing keeping her from shivering, even if it wasn't working too well. But... This was different than before. Her tummy felt *bad*. Eleven knew what *bad* felt like because *bad* was how she felt after using her powers. *Bad* was how she felt looking in at Mike from outside when it wasn't safe to see him after The Monster. *Bad* was how she felt when she was lying in Hopper's lap in the bathroom floor last winter, and how she felt when she *threw up*. She felt kind of like that now, only more. She didn't have time to think before she felt her mouth watering, and she knew what that meant because of last time, and so she started to stand up - Hopper had made her stay in the bathroom last time she felt like this, and so that was where she was going to go. Except the boys were talking to her, were waiting on her, and she couldn't figure out how to tell them she felt *bad*, and then it just happened.

She projectile vomited across the card table.

"Woah, what the f**k?!" Lucas shrieked, jumping up from the table. Will leaped back as well, nothing but a squeak coming from him. Mike, too, was able to get back in time, but Dustin and the cards were caught in the cross-fire.

"Oh, come on, I just got this jacket!" Dustin cried, standing up angrily and shaking the foul substance off of his arm. And then El made a choking noise, and the attention was turned back to her. She felt *awful*, and that was even worse than *bad*, because her tummy didn't stop feeling funny after she *threw up*, and Dustin looked very upset, and Eleven felt *awful* because seeing the mess she made made her want to cry.

"Get her to the bathroom, you idiots!" Lucas shouted, and Mike and Will moved quickly to take her arms and lead her to the small bathroom. She let them lead her, because she didn't know what else to do. She couldn't really think right now. They got her there not a second too late - as soon as they had deposited her unceremoniously in front of the toilet she lurched again, and Mike was quick to pick up on the tears that were now coming from her eyes as she vomited.

"Nancy!" Dustin called, his voice cracking as he was still frozen in place in the living room. "Nance!"

"What do you want?" The teen called from her room. Dustin groaned.

"Eleven just barfed all over the place!"

"What?!" Nancy called again, and this time both Dustin and Mike chimed in.

"Eleven threw up!"

"Oh, Sh**. I have to go, Jonathan, I'll- I'll call you back." She hung up the phone quickly before barreling down the stairs. "Mike, come here and help me with this!"

Eleven was sobbing in earnest now, and, as he was bent beside her trying to offer comfort, Mike wasn't sure he wanted to go. Eleven was very sure that she didn't want Mike to go, either.

"Can't right now, Nance!" He shouted.

"Oh no, you are not leaving me to clean this up on my own." She called back, and Mike groaned.

"It's okay El, you just hold on, I'll be right back. Lucas will stay here with you, right, Luke?"

Before he had time to answer, Mike had rushed out of the room with Will close at his heels, leaving Lucas dumbfounded in the doorway. He started to protest, but was cut off by a sob and gag from Eleven, and so he moved cautiously towards her.

"Hey El, hey, shh, it's okay," He said, trying to sound soft like he

would if this was his sister. That was hard to do, partly because he was still very grossed out at the sight of partially digested Eggo waffles and what looked like former apple slices on the table and partly because this was *Eleven*. His best friend's girlfriend who could beat people up with her brain and had killed a man before and could barely talk. Not his seven year old sister who liked dolls and watched Rainbow Brite and once swallowed a penny because she thought it would taste like the color 'shiny'. But he pretended like she was, or at least like she was similar, and moved closer. "It's alright, just... Shh."

He patted her back for a good two minutes as she heaved and cried before she finally settled and leaned back.

"Lucas?" She questioned, and he could see the fever clouding up her eyes and cheeks. "Whats...bad feeling. Sick?"

Lucas sighed, and thought a minute. Of course she was sick. It was cold out, and from what Mike had told them she used to be confined in a sterile environment with no place for germs. One foot out of the house and she probably attracted every germ and bacteria from ten miles away.

"Yeah, you're sick. Probably some kinda bug, El." He said, shrugging. "They suck, but you won't die from it. Just a lot of..." He imitated vomiting then, and she nodded. She had been sick before. Two times, in fact - but she had never felt like this. She had never felt so disgusting in the pit of her stomach for so long. And she certainly had never *thrown up* on her friends. She started to cry again.

"When does it stop?"

Lucas shrugged, but grimaced as the girl before him curled in on herself, her hands on her stomach.

"Soon. Just get it over with, and soon you'll be fine again and we can make fun of Dustin for getting puked on by Mike's Telekinetic girlfriend."

By the time Nancy came in with a bottle of Pepto and a glass of water, Eleven had fallen asleep with her head in Lucas' lap, and the

boy in question looked up at Nancy with pleading eyes.

'Help me,' He mouthed desperately.

'No,' Nancy mouthed back with a smile, setting her haul down and slowly closing the door.